R Porteus (B.)

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A

VINDICATION

OF THE

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

DECLINE OF THE CLERICAL CREDIT AND CHARACTER.

BY THE AUTHOR.

By Honour and Diſhonour; by evil Report and good Report, as Deceivers and yet true.

For our Exhortation was not of Deceit, nor of Uncleanneſs, nor in Guile. But as we were allowed of God to be put in Truſt with the Goſpel, even ſo we ſpeak; not as pleaſing Men, but God who trieth our Hearts. For neither at any Time, uſed we flattering Words as ye know: nor a Cloak of Covetouſneſs; God is Witneſs. Nor of Men ſought we Glory, neither of you, nor yet of others.

St. Paul's Epiſtles.

LONDON,

PRINTED FOR J. JOHNSON, N°. 72, ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD.

MDCCLXXXII.

VINDICATION

OF THE

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

DECLINE OF THE CATHOLIC CREDIT

AND CHARACTER.

BY THE [illegible]

LONDON.

Printed for J. Johnson, No. 72, St. Paul's Church-Yard.

MDCCLXXXII.

TO THE

AUTHOR OF A LETTER TO THE LATE RECTOR OF BOURTON.

SIR,

YOU have done me an honour which I did not expect, and which I was not ambitious to receive. Intrenched againſt oppoſition, I neither dreaded, nor deſired, an attack. Secure in conſcious integrity, and confident in the ſtrength of my cauſe, I preſumed that none would be ſo obſtinate, or ſo hardy, as to diſpute with one, who argued from actual facts, who undertook only to repreſent a public grievance, and who profeſſed to have no other motive than the public good. I flattered myſelf that my humble, but honeſt, efforts would have had a very different effect, and have met with a very different reception. I was not without hope that a writer, who, if he was ſevere, was conſcientious, in his obſervations; who, if he was particular, was not

pointed, in his cenſures; and who, if he ſometimes hazarded a perſonality, was perſonal only in order to applaud, would, if he were not treated with candour, have been ſuffered, at leaſt, to paſs without notice. I had expectation that, notwithſtanding the air of pleaſantry, occaſionally indeed, but ſeldom, affected, in my reflections, *(quanquam ridentem dicere verum quid vetat)* and notwithſtanding ſome trifling inaccuracies, which muſt neceſſarily eſcape me in ſtating tranſactions ſo remote from public obſervation, the *end* propoſed would only have been conſidered, the *hint* given would have been properly and ſilently taken, the *grievance* repreſented would have been judiciouſly redreſſed, and the *ſubject* prudently permitted to ſink into oblivion. And well contented ſhould I have been, if the controverſy had taken this termination. But it is forced into another direction, and tends to an oppoſite concluſion. With ſincere regret I find myſelf under compulſion, to enter farther into its diſcuſſion, and with real reluctance I reſume it.

I AM ſorry, Sir, that I am obliged to give you ſome conſequence on this occaſion. Yet it is a conſequence which affords you no grounds of triumph, and excites in me no riſings

riſings of envy. Had you confined your animadverſions to the *matter*, or to the *manner* of the Obſervations, to either, or to both of them, I ſhould never have interrupted your lucubrations. The one is, in its general ſubſtance, impregnable by arguments and abilities vaſtly ſuperior to yours; the other is almoſt below even your *criticiſm*, and almoſt unworthy, even, of my *defence*. Had you been ſatisfied to wreak your rage, and to exhauſt your fury on the devoted head of the author as a *writer*, I ſhould, in this caſe, have remained in a ſtate of inaction, and have found myſelf perfectly at eaſe. Unmoleſted by me ſhould you have ſcolded, and ſcreamed, and menaced, and unmanned yourſelf, till, like a child, weary of its own peeviſh wailings, you had been rendered ſullen, or ſilent, by the violent paroxiſms of your own conflicting paſſions. Nothing of all this would have affected me: nor ſhould I, on this account, have committed myſelf, for a moment, with ſo brawling an adverſary.

But when an oppoſition commences with heedleſs *temerity*, proceeds on unwarrantable *ſuppoſition*, and concludes in illiberal *calumny*;—when *vague conjectures* are palmed upon the public, for ſolid aſſertions;—when the diſpute is

ſo managed, as not to combat ſo much the *nature* of the *propoſition*, as the ſuppoſed *perſon* of the *propoſer*;—when the grudge expreſſed is not ſo directly levelled at the *argument*, as the *arguer*;—when inducements are aſſigned which are as foreign from the *author* as they are from the *ſubject*;—and when thoſe are linked in, who had *no connection*; and thoſe accuſed, who took *no part* in the imputed injury;—then to be paſſive would be *to be unjuſt*, ſubmiſſion *would argue meanneſs*, and ſilence might well be conſtrued *into guilt*.

THESE reaſons alone impel me to attempt the preſent vindication, and to give you the trouble of the preſent addreſs. I am the more particular in communicating theſe motives, that you may ſuffer no ſelf-deception, in ſuppoſing that any thing which you have advanced, either in the way of ridicule, or under the ſemblance of reaſoning, hath provoked me to the preſent publication. I am ſolicitous to work in you a contrary conviction. I never remember to have encountered a more weak, or more unwary, a more inconſiſtent, or a more incautious, antagoniſt. I ſhall reap ſmall diſtinction from your defeat; and in vain do I labour to reconcile to any conſiderations of prudence

prudence your interference in the preſent conteſt, with ſuch futile weapons.

But you were perhaps commiſſioned to ply me with ſmall arms, and to keep me in play with a variety of menacing manœuvres, a practiſed ſhew of oppoſition, and the appearance, more than the reality, of hoſtilities, till the *foul-mouthed* artillery of more *deſperate polemics* could be brought to bear upon, and to blow, me out of the field of contention. And to do you juſtice, you ſeem well adapted to this bluſtering ſpecies of warfare. If your approaches are rude, they are diſtant; and if your arguments be raſh, they are feeble. Your language, though bold, is deſpicable; your aſpect, though inſolent, is harmleſs; and your attitudes, though threatening, are awkward. You are at the ſame time conſequential and contemptible, angry and ridiculous. You are at once fretful and impotent; and I have, hitherto, been able to diſcover nothing, either in you, or about you, formidable, except your *Flail*.* In the wielding of this weapon

* Our apologiſt will, no doubt, vindicate the uſe of this term upon the authority of Longinus. Εστιν αρ' ο ιδιωτισμος ενιοτε του κοσμου παραπολυ εμφανιζικωτερον. Yet this illuſtrious rhetor tells us of one who had the

weapon you may, perhaps, have ſome experience, and be entitled to no mean deſert. If this ſhould be the caſe, confine it to its proper province, and diſgrace not an honeſt inſtrument by ſanguinary acts. But if you poſſeſs not even this ability, though I muſt ſay you are a *ſingular*, yet for your conſolation I can add, that you are not a *ſolitary character*. The ſocial offices are infringed, human life is infeſted,

rare gift of raillery without vulgarity; who was eaſy, yet appoſite, and familiar, yet elegant, in his witticiſms:—who was evaſive, yet artful; jocoſe, yet liberal:—who was, at once, polite and pungent;—who could ſting in perfect pleaſantry, and, in the act of ſtabbing, ſmile. But to our apologiſt, who has availed himſelf ſo much of this critical dictator, who ſo implicitly reſpects his authority, ſo much admires his grace, and ſo ſedulouſly forms himſelf upon his model as to quote him *memoriter*, his own language will be moſt pleaſing.

By fixing your eye then, Sir, on the firſt words, you will, no doubt, inſtantly recollect and readily repeat the whole of the following fine paſſage. Αφατοι τε περι αυτον εισιν αξεϊσμοι, μυκτηρ πολιτικωτατος, ευγενεια, το κατα τας ειρωνειας ευπαλαιστρον, σκωμματα ουκ αμουσα, ωδ' αναγωγα κατα τους Ατλικους εκεινους, αλλ' επικειμενα, διασυρμος τε επιδεξιος, και πολυ το κωμικον, και μετα παιδιας ευσχου κεντρον, αμιμητον δε (ειπειν) το εν πασι τουτοις επαφροδυτον.

Longin. Sect. XXXIV. Edit. Toup.

public

public juſtice is violated, the public roads are haunted and the public priſons are crowded, with thoſe who are unbleſſed with either *ornamental* or *profitable* qualifications; with thoſe who have neither accompliſhments to recommend them, talents *for elegance*, nor attainments *for uſe*.

YET if we are to give credit to your own exhibition, your parts are as various as your connections; and your connections are as odd and as oppoſite as the multiplied departments which are formed in the diſtinct and diſtant ſtations of high, and of low, life. Your manner of addreſs, your mode of attack, the appearance you affect, and the characters you aſſume, are equally mutable, momentary, and evaneſcent. You ſometimes ape the tone, and attempt to ſpeak the language, of a ſcholar, and it is aſtoniſhing how ſoon, after, you grow vile, and vulgar, ſmell ſtrong of the ſtable, knowingly, and as it were naturally, apply the terms of the turf, and figure away, as you fancy, in the downright dialect of a dealer. You are now beclouded in the *ſublimities* of *Longinus*, and now venting your ſpleen in the loweſt language of the *Canaille*. You are now beſtriding an aerial vapour, and now plunging in a puddle. You are, this moment, ſoaring above the ſummits

mits of the mountains, and, the next, with tremendous velocity, hurled into the abyſs of *Pandæmonium*. You are, at one time, in elevated acquaintance, with the firſt favourite of *Zenobia*, and, at another, with all the patience of preciſion, *ſplitting infernals*. You are, now, in a venerable cathedral, and, now, at the "Red Lion," you beſt know where. You are, ſometimes, in the habit of familiar intercourſe with an Archbiſhop, and, then, inſtantly in the ſecrets, and acquainted with the ſuggeſtions, of the Devil. In ſhort, you ſoar and ſink, you ſwell and ſubſide, you contract and dilate yourſelf, as folly dictates, as malice ſpurs, or paſſion urges. Under the impulſe of theſe wretched ſenſations, you are driven to the moſt intemperate exceſſes, and the meaneſt and moſt unmanly expreſſions of vulgar fury. You are not only vindictive, but violent. The ſtrength of your *argumentum caballinum* you are not content to truſt to. You could wiſh to try the effect of the *argumentum baculinum* alſo. But bravadoes are generally cowards. With peculiar propriety, you therefore recommend *this application** of this argument to abler hands.

To

* THIS recommendation of the flail is a ſtriking inſtance of our author's attention to the rules of good writing, and a proof of the perfect propriety, with which

To this honourable ſervice, the clergy and laity are indiſcriminately ſummoned, whilſt with more than THRASONIC conſequence, you commiſſion ſome to trip up my heels, and others to bruiſe my head. To conclude this ſtriking ſketch, you leave nothing, however indecent, unexpreſſed, you leave nothing, however inveterate, unattempted, to effect your purpoſe. You ſeem prepared, by any argument, to plead in any cauſe, or, by any means, to vindicate any character. By rage, or by reaſoning, by ſenſe,

which he deſcribes, equips, and ſets off his characters. Illud vero etiam quod ridiculum, indignum tamen eſt homine liberali, quod aut turpiter, aut impotenter dicitur: quod feciſſe quendam ſcio qui humiliori libere adverſus ſe loquenti, "Colapham, inquit, tibi ducam & formulam ſcribam, quod caput durum habeas." QUINT.

BUT this is only one example of his low grimace. His whole letter abounds with

This arch abſurd, that Wit and Fool delights;
This meſs toſs'd up of Hockley-hole and White's. POPE.

Yet when deſcribing and accoutering his great friends, we ſhould naturally expect that he would have paid ſome regard to their rank and quality. He might aſſuredly have culled out an apter weapon. But he is a determined enemy to every ſort and degree of *dignity*, and his admired Longinus in vain inculcates more liberal ſentiments. Ου γαρ δει καταντην εν τοις υψεσιν εις τα ρυπαρα και εξυβρισμενα· αλλα των πραγματων πρεποι αν και τας φωνας εχειν αξιας. LONGINUS.

or

or by nonſenſe, by cavil, or by calumny, by fraud, or by force, by aſſertion, or by inſertion, by negation, affirmation, or execration, you appear determined to ſeize every advantage which may accompliſh any end you have in view, and to adopt any inſtrument which you dare handle, that may finiſh any adverſary you may be retained to encounter. You approve yourſelf completely furniſhed for the diſgraceful ſervice you have undertaken, and have fully evinced yourſelf to be of the number and in the party "of that low-born, ſelfiſh, ſervile band," whom the poet, with incomparable energy, repreſents

Prompt, or to guard or ſtab, to ſaint or damn,
Heaven's Swiſs, who fight for any god or man.

In this mercenary ſervice, you might indeed ſucceed better, if you were leſs under the influence of the irritable ſpirit. Unreſtrained choler ever ruſhes into imprudence. Force unconnected with caution is exhauſted by its own violence. The onſet of paſſion undirected by judgment effects its own defeat. You appear, Sir, to have written in marvellous bad temper: and anger, the enemy of conſiſtency, hurries its unhappy ſubjects into the moſt contradictory and ridiculous abſurdities. Your whole letter is replete with contradictions; and

and no man ever exhibited ſo unhappy a propenſion to betray his own weakneſs, or to confute his own aſſertions. In one line you allow me ſome title to *invention*, whilſt, in another of the ſame page, I am repreſented as a *Plagiariſt*, or literary plunderer. Now how an author can be ſaid to have *ſtolen* what he has *invented*, or to have *invented* what he has *ſtolen*, muſt be left to the explanation of thoſe who can reliſh and retail that ſpecies of nonſenſe, which is ſo well known under the title of the Hibernian. Wit, perhaps, is as difficult to be defined, as it is to be attained, by art.* What it is, in its moſt perfect ſtate, it would be almoſt impoſſible to fix with preciſion. But, what it is not, we are told by authority which you will not dare to combat. "Salſum erit quod non erit inſulſum."† The rule is ſhort and unequivocal, and how it ſhould eſcape you, who profeſs yourſelf to be in the habit of quotation from memory, is unaccountable enough. But this is

* Qui ejus rei rationem quandam conati ſunt, artemque tradere, ſic inſulſi extiterunt, ut nihil aliud eorum, niſi ipſa inſulſitas, rideatur. Quare mihi quidem nullo videtur modo doctrinâ iſta res poſſe tradi.
Cicero de Or. L. II. C. liv. edit. Olivet.

† Quintil. de Inſt. Or. L. VI. edit. Gibſon.

a trifling

a trifling inſtance of your inaccuracy. Your blunders multiply as your reſentments kindle: —and, contrary to the cuſtom of hacks in general, you ſtumble as *you grow warm*. Your ſinews ſhrink with exerciſe; till at laſt, wholly enfeebled by heat, and confounded by your own precipitance, you ſink into the laſt and loweſt ſtate of proſternation.

In one part of your letter, I am repreſented as a ſupercilious linguiſt; afterwards, I underſtand the languages only through the medium of tranſlation; and, at laſt, I am placed upon a bare level with thoſe who can neither tranſlate nor read, who can neither interpret them, by their own learning, nor underſtand them, by the elucidation of others. If I hazard my private opinion, I am charged with inſolence: if I cite that of others, with oſtentation. For what I have, and for what I have not, quoted, for what I have adduced, and for what I have omitted, I am equally cenſured; and, in the one caſe am pompous, in the other defective. If I ſpeak, my temerity is arraigned: if I am ſilent, my taciturnity is culpable. It was ſaid of one of the moſt diſtinguiſhed perſonages in hiſtory—"Enimvero, torvus, aut falſum renidens vultu: ſeu loqueretur, ſeu taceret juvenis, crimen

crimen ex ſilentio, ex voce."* I have no need to be more particular in my quotation. You already recollect the traits of a congenial character. Practiſed as you are in the habits, you muſt be well read in the hiſtory of TIBERIUS.

MY learning, and my ignorance, my pride, and my piety, my conjectured genealogy, my conjectured profeſſion, and even my conjectured age, are the ſucceſſive objects of your ſcorn, and formed into an heterogeneous haſh for the gratification of your canine tooth, and the regale of your inſatiate appetite. Different paſſions will, no doubt, predominate at different periods; and whilſt one age is pardonable for its indiſcretions, another is pitiable for its infirmities. But no ſeaſon of life, and no ſpecies of diſorder, no age, and, *except one*, no ailment, will juſtify the indecent and undiſtinguiſhing rage in which you have written, the hideous buffoonery by which you have expoſed yourſelf, the odious vulgariſms which have eſcaped you, and the irrational and oppoſite abſurdities into which you have wandered.

BUT let us proceed to a more particular examination. You have the politeneſs, the decency,

* Taciti Annal. L. IV. C. 60.

the

the modeſty to affirm that the account given of the literary abilities and inferior employment of one of the perſons ſuppoſed to be alluded to in the Obſervations, is not true. Yet after all, by what method do you refute it? and by what arguments ſupport this violent negation? Why, at this critical criſis even your effrontery fails you; and you betray evident ſymptoms of caution, of confuſion, of heſitation, and of guilt. You take ſhelter in prevarication. With all the adroitneſs of the moſt exquiſite caſuiſt, if you cannot vouch for the *literate qualifications* of your *friend* at preſent, you can anſwer, by information, at leaſt for thoſe of his *inſtructor, many years ago:* and though you are obliged to give up the learning *of the pupil*, you have however authority to ſpeak to the *merits* of *the preceptor*.

THEN, with reſpect to his employment, in the ſame page, you aſſert that he did, and that he did not, aſſiſt at an Inn. You ſet out with denying that he ever acted in this capacity, and in a few lines, confeſs that for a little time, he did. And could you ſuppoſe, Sir, that this ſhallow ſubterfuge, and this glaring contradiction would paſs upon the public? With this evaſive language, and theſe paltry arguments,

ments, you have ſtepped forward the defender of the honour of your friend, the aſſertor of the rights of the offended nobility, and the vindicator of the inſulted prelacy. But believe me,

> Non tali auxilio nec defenſoribus iſtis,
> Tempus eget.

If you are ſo abſurd, the world is not ſo credulous. Diſtreſs of argument ever indicates a deſperate cauſe. Embarraſſed evolutions are the dying ſtruggles of the wretched victims to a forlorn hope. The diſtraction, the feebleneſs, the futility of your attempt deſtroys its meditated purpoſe. For if the deſcription given in the Obſervations bear no reſemblance to him you affect to vindicate, what concern have either you or he with it? And why have you taken ſo much awkward trouble; why have you betrayed ſuch evident perplexity; why have you laboured with ſuch logical impotence to refute it? And if it do, what credit do you deſerve, and what treatment ſhould you, or rather ſhould you not, expect, for denying it?

You blame me, as I before obſerved, for my quotations. But for what reaſon? I did

not ſtep out of my courſe for them. They were ſuch as the ſubject ſuggeſted and even required. They are adapted to it; they are not introduced abruptly, awkwardly, or out of place. They were appealed to, not for ſhew, but *uſe*, not for ornament, but *authority*. In the mean time this cenſure comes from you, with a very ill grace. You have run into the fault you reprobate, and I fear will not be able to offer as much in your vindication.

" Purpureus laté qui ſplendeat unus et alter
" Aſſuitur Pannus."

The code of a tyrant and the clauſe of an invalid council may be fine, but they are no longer formidable. *Nunc, non erat his locus.* The one is as ill ſuited to the high ſpirit of this land of liberty, as the other is foreign from your purpoſe, and from the nature of our reſpectable eccleſiaſtical polity. Different councils have differed as much in their decrees, as in the times of their convention:— and, if it were a matter of moment, or would add weight to the argument, I could refer you to a contrary reſolution of another council, and to an admonition (which, notwithſtanding your inſolent degradation of Saints, ought to command more reſpect than the deciſions of

any

any council) which inhibits the clergy from all, except their, proper, ſpiritual buſineſs. But on the preſent occaſion, there is no neceſſity for it. The council, which you cite, abſolutely makes againſt you. It firſt provides for the *profeſſional erudition*, before it allows the *ſecular employment* of the clergy: it requires them to make themſelves *learned miniſters*, before they turn *low mechanics*; and enacts that they ſhall be *maſters in ſcience*, before they be permitted to profeſs themſelves, either maſters *or ſervants in trade*. The inverſion of theſe Canons ſuited your ſubject, and I am only aſtoniſhed, that you did not quote them in an inverted order.

But then the objections made againſt trade you are afraid fall heavy upon the Apoſtles. Forego, dear Sir, your pious apprehenſions. The Apoſtles were *well-gifted*, and did *honour* to trade. Only endow your friend with one of their gifts, the gift of tongues, and we will allow that he does honour even *to the Apoſtolate*.

And now, that we are got upon the ſubject of citations, give me leave to remind you of the ſplendid motto from Longinus which glares

in your title-page. If I may be allowed to draw any concluſion from this, you have not the moſt honourable opinion of the preſent controverſy. But I would hope, Sir, that you do not conſider it as either low, trifling, or of momentary conſideration; as either unworthy of the attention of the preſent, or undeſerving of the gratitude of future, times. It is certainly of the firſt magnitude, intereſt, and importance. It involves the happineſs and honour of both the laity and the clergy. Its influence is remote, as well as extenſive. It not only affects the inſtruction of the riſing generation, but the moſt valuable principles of poſterity: and whilſt it is connected with the beſt good of thoſe who are now alive, it extends to the welfare of individuals, of families, and perhaps of nations yet unborn.

But no inſtance of your deriſion or diſdain excites my ſurpriſe. You profeſs an utter contempt for the Grecian and Roman languages, and have poured out all your rancour (and no man poſſeſſes more), and all your ridicule (and no man poſſeſſes a leſs degree, or a lower ſort of it), upon the Author of the Obſervations, for inſiſting upon a *moderate acquaintance* with them, as a preparatory qualification for the

the ſacerdotal office. But, Sir, it was not *to my purpoſe*, it would not have been *pertinent* to have required higher qualifications, or attainments more difficult, than thoſe which I have ſpecified. I was not pleading for an uncommon and extraordinary, but for *the common and ordinary*, proficiency in literature, which is, by the eccleſiaſtical canons, and in the opinion of thoſe, who have both learning to judge, and authority to dictate, deemed indiſpenſibly neceſſary. I was not inſiſting that thoſe ſhould be rejected who had the uſual and proper requiſites, but thoſe who were *without them*. In ſhort, Sir, I was not arguing that thoſe only ſhould be admitted into the church who were inſtructed in all learning, but that thoſe ſhould be *abſolutely precluded*, who had *none*. If you were conſcious of this, where was, I will not ſay your generoſity, or your candour, but your *conſiſtency* and even your *integrity*, in affecting to blame me for not making higher demands, and for not requiring a ſkill in the Hebrew, as well as the other reputable dead languages? And if you were *not*, where was, I will not ſay your penetration, but your *diſcernment?* If you did *not* underſtand this obvious circumſtance, what a head muſt you

have! and if you did, what a heart! In the one caſe, *how decent a man* do you exhibit yourſelf! in the other, *how competent a critic!*

But what epithet of folly ſhall we employ to ſtigmatize your abſurdity, when, in the ſame ſhort letter, we find one part of it directed to prove the *neceſſity* of an exceſſive and ideal *extent of erudition*, and the other to juſtify the *total abſence* of it? You plead for, or againſt ſcience, as it ſuits your preſent purpoſe, or your uniform petulance. Your letter is at once a *juſtification of inability* in one, and a *ſarcaſm* on conjectured *ignorance*, in another. You vindicate that man under a total defect of learning, and you reprobate this, though he has confeſſedly more than the other. The one is abſolutely illiterate, and therefore fit, according to you, for all the purpoſes of public inſtruction. The other is evidently not without a tincture of Roman and Grecian literature *at leaſt*, and therefore, according to the ſame reſpectable reaſoner, no better than the moſt ignorant of thoſe who ſtand in need of a Chriſtian preceptor.—Is it poſſible for folly to proceed to greater lengths? or can frenzy fire the mind to draw more incoherent concluſions?

cluſions? Of my own intellectual ſufficiency, I have no pretenſions, and no inclination, to boaſt. Yet I can, without preſumption, ſay, that even my meaſure of underſtanding enables me to ſee, and to avoid, ſuch glaring inconſiſtencies as theſe. I am open to confeſs my own diſtance from mental perfection. "Ego "me non tam aſtutum, neque ita perſpicacem "eſſe, ſcio. Sed hic monitor meus et præ-"monſtrator, hoc mihi præſtat: in me quidvis "harum rerum convenit quæ ſunt dicta in "ſtultum: caudex, ſtipes, aſinus, plumbeus: "in illum nil poteſt: nam exſuperat ejus "ſtultitia hæc omnia."

But one of the preceding poſitions was to be eſtabliſhed at all events: and my ignorance is therefore attempted to be proved by an offer at argumentation. And now let us attend to the nature and effect of this ſyllogiſtic deception. It commences, it takes footing, on this ſuppoſition, that I underſtand not *the Hebrew*; and it terminates in this concluſion, *that he who has not learned the Hebrew, has no learning at all.* Now although this argument is, in the very eſſence of it, *hypothetical*, and therefore not ſtrictly admiſſible in proof of a matter

of fact; yet we will indulge our logician, and proceed upon his favourite hypotheſis.

Knowledge and ignorance, then, are relative terms. He, therefore, that knows much, becauſe he knows not all, reſembles him who ſcarcely knows any thing.

Of finite rational beings, none are ſo wiſe as to underſtand every thing, and none are ſo altogether ignorant as to underſtand nothing. *Ergo*—there is little difference between the barbarous and the civilized, the cultivated and the illiterate, the wiſe man and the fool.

The ſtates of wealth and of poverty are relative circumſtances. None in this kingdom is ſo rich, as to poſſeſs all the wealth in it; and, by the charitable proviſion of the laws, none are ſo poor as to want the neceſſaries of life. Therefore there is little difference in the fortunes of Engliſhmen. The rich and the poor meet together. Their means of ſubſiſtence are equal: and though it cannot be diſputed that ſome enjoy the luxuries, ſome the conveniencies, and others only the neceſſaries of life, yet becauſe none can lay claim to

to an excluſive property in money, they are all equally poor.

In rank, great and little are relative terms. The *Counteſs* is not ſo great as the *Queen*; therefore there is little more deference due to the Counteſs than to *her cook*. In vain the Lady pleads her privilege. Her boaſted birth, and the menial's alledged ſervitude, are "approaching circumſtances," which, though they look "a little ſhy at each other, like "rich and poor relations," are more nearly "a-kin" than people may "think of." Her Ladyſhip muſt not amuſe logicians with the ſophiſms and ſhadows of plumes, and peerage, and precedence. Let her "take a peep" at Horace's argument. It is a ſtubborn thing, and mocks every rank inferior to royalty. Either ſhe gives up her pretenſions, or preſſes "amongſt the higheſt" under a "total defect" of majeſty. If the former, *aſſidet infimis*. If the latter, her Ladyſhip is liable to be plucked, and therefore, without farther ceremony,

Utor permiſſo caudœque pilos ut equinæ
Paulatim vello, & demo unum, demo & item unum, &c.

The *Duke* is not ſo great as the *King*; therefore the duke and the private gentleman are upon

upon a level. Ineffectually does his Grace inſiſt upon his claim to priority of rank. "No, my Lord: the ſmalleſt defect ruins all "your higheſt pretenſions. Your alledged "honours, and the gentleman's alledged ob-"ſcurity, are approaching qualities. Though "you have taken your ſtand ſomewhat 'higher "in the ſtream,' yet you are not at the 'foun-"tain of honour:' and, if you are 'not at the "top, you muſt rank low indeed.' There "is no more dignity in a *Ducal Coronet*, than "a miſer's hoard: and CHURCHILL and "*Chartres* are names of ſimilar repute."

WHAT a reſiſtleſs mode of reaſoning! And how admirably adapted to the ideas of a tribe of ſavages, a troop of Arabian free-booters, or a modern mob of White Boys! This palmary argument deſtroys all diſtinction. It levels all before it;—and goes to juſtify the admiſſion into the church of any degree of underſtanding, ſhort of abſolute idiotiſm. In its preſent uſe, it is not ſo properly *caballine*, as *aſinine:* and upon this principle, not only the horſe, from whoſe tail it is taken, but the animal who has had the ſagacity to apply it, have as good a title to the Mitre or the Triple Crown,

Crown, as GANGANELLI, or Archbiſhop SECKER.

You ſee, Sir, to what an ebb you have reduced your betters and yourſelf. But you are a claſſic: and it will, no doubt, recur to your memory, and miniſter to your conſolation, that formerly a horſe was actually appointed to the *Prieſthood*, and that his fond maſter intended to have dignified him even with the *Conſulate* of *Imperial* ROME. You are a ſophiſt likewiſe: and your Jeſuitical ſhrewdneſs will ſuggeſt many pregnant arguments to vindicate the election and nomination of this CONSULAR BRUTE. You may alledge, that he poſſeſſed all the *negative* patriotic virtues: that he was no incendiary, no ſycophant, no rebel, no regicide: that he would neither prove a demagogue, nor a deſpot: that he would neither revive the violated rights of the people, nor add freſh force to the uſurped power of the prince:—that if he did not *advance* the *credit*, neither would he *endanger* the *crown* of CALIGULA:—that if his *exertions* were not *vigorous*, neither would his *inactivity be formidable:*—in ſhort, *that if he did no good, he would do no harm.*

I SHOULD

I SHOULD not perhaps have treſpaſſed ſo long upon your time, or have put your patience to ſo ſevere a trial, if I had not a particular intereſt in the expoſure of this ridiculous attempt at reaſoning. An inſult offered to the underſtanding,* is in general more offenſive than a reproach addreſſed to the heart. Reaſon is the diſtinction, and, if you will not take fire at the term, I will add the *Dignity* of manhood. In proportion to the degree of its cultivation, it adminiſters more or leſs complacency: and the generality of mankind would rather have their *integrity*, than their *intelligence*, called in queſtion. Notwithſtanding the overflowing compliments you have paid to, and the good company into which you have put your client; notwithſtanding your partiality, and the uncommon attachment of your and my ſuperiors, I muſt acknowledge that I am not ambitious of the honour of a *literary* aſſociation with him. Some ſtrong, ſome ſecret

* LES hommes comptent preſque pour rien toutes les vertus du cœur, & idolatrent, les talens du corps & *de l'eſprit*.

Mr. De la Bruyere.

motive

motive may have retained you in his ſervice, and powerfully operate upon your prejudices; whilſt nothing, you are ſenſible, is more unaccountable than the caprice of high ſtation, and the affections and diſguſts of great men. But, for my own part, I am too formal to enter into freſh friendſhips, without honeſt grounds for my eſteem: I am too firm to be the fool of faſhion, by the ſanction of whatever high authority it be ratified: and I will add, Sir, too proud to ſubmit with pleaſure, to be repreſented to the public as ſo partnered. And I had rather be called by any name, and abuſed in language more coarſe and contumelious than your own, than be charged with the impudence of aſpiring to the moſt ſacred function, and the hypocriſy of aſſuming the moſt awful truſt under heaven, without one decent profeſſional qualification to diſcharge it.

But if you cannot deprive me of learning,* you are, however, determined to ſtrip me of *faith*;

* The conſideration of my learning is altogether foreign from the ſubject in agitation; and if the charge of ignorance were made good againſt me, what

faith; and if I am ignorant of the Hebrew, I muſt be an infidel, or, however, what you ſeem to think little better, "a believer upon truſt." *Fallacia alia aliam trudit.* We ſhall find the conſequence as ſophiſtical as the commencement of this propoſition.

THE original Evangelic code is not written in Hebrew.* The authenticity of it is ſufficiently confirmed by a variety of authors from the apoſtolic to the preſent period. The doctrines, the precepts, the genius of Chriſti-

what would the conſequence be? Allowing you could prove me to be abſolutely unlettered, you would only evince the truth of the *Obſervations*, confirm the fact you would diſpute, add another blockhead to the number, and inſtead of clearing any one from the imputation of incapacity, only exemplify the ſtrong aſſertion of the Poet,

That Dunce the ſecond reigns like Dunce the firſt.

* A CAPTIOUS adverſary forces his opponent to be minute almoſt to pedantry. I am under the neceſſity of informing our apologiſt that I am not ignorant that *all* the books in the New Teſtament were *not* originally written in Greek.

anity,

anity, with the life, the death, and poſthumous revivification of its Author, explain, corroborate, and eſtabliſh, the nature and divine authority of the Moſaic diſpenſation with the writings and predictions of the later Prophets; whilſt they diſcountenance and condemn the *traditions of the Elders*, the dreams of the *Rabbins*, and thoſe groundleſs and uncritical puerilities with which the *Talmuds* are replete. I cannot conſider an acquaintance with the Jewiſh language as a *ſine qua non* qualification, for the adoption of the Chriſtian creed; and I hold an acquaintance with the original codes of the VEDAM, and the ZENDAVESTA, to be as available to faith in Jeſus, as a knowledge of all the traditional trumpery contained in the MISCHNAH and GEMARA. The laſt and beſt revelation of Heaven ſtands in need of no ſuch acceſſory ſupport. It ſtands firm enough on its own proper foundation. Its credibility is ſufficiently aſcertained by proofs more level to the capacity, and placed nearer to the reach of the bulk of mankind. It more confirms, than is confirmed by, the preceding diſcoveries from Heaven; and the New Teſtament imparts as much ſtrength, as

it

it receives from, the Old.* In ſhort, ſo complete is its authority, and ſo detached from that of every other religious ſyſtem, that the moſt ſpecious attack, which has, *of late years*, been made againſt it, might be ſatisfactorily repelled without having recourſe to a ſingle Hebrew writer.

This view of Chriſtianity is attractive and auguſt. I ſhall be excuſed if I conſider it more particularly, and draw it out more at length. The evidence for Revelation, then, is divided by theologians into the *external* and the *internal*. The external includes Prophecy and Miracles. But *Prophecy* is itſelf a *ſpecies of miracle*, and may not be improperly conſidered as ſuch. The power and the origin of both are the ſame. They are both preternatural, and both divine. There is, no doubt, a very ſtriking difference both

* Ακουσατε τας περι του Ιησου αποδειξεις απο του νομου και των προφητων. και, το παραδοξον γε, εκ των περι Ιησου αποδειξεων εν νομω και προφηταις αποδεικνυται, οτι και Μωϋσης και οι προφηται ησαν προφηταιτου θεου.

Origen cont. Celſ.

in

in their appearance and proceſs. The effect of the one is rapid, and takes place under the eye of the aſtoniſhed ſpectator. The other is oftentimes ſlow, tedious, and obſcure in its accompliſhment. The operation of the one is in general inſtantaneous. The very eſſence of the other requires that no inconſiderable ſpace of duration ſhould intervene between the prediction and the event. But the *event confirms* the prediction: the *prediction* only *announces* the event. Without the latter, the former would be falſified; but in ſome inſtances, and ſurely in none more, or ſooner, than in that of the miraculous birth and ſtupendous performances of the *Son* of GOD, the completion would draw attention, and eſtabliſh its own credit unconnected with the prophecy.

I MEAN not to undervalue the collateral teſtimony which Chriſtianity derives from ancient prophecy. It is, no doubt, forcible and convincing. It is both conſolatory and animating to view Revelation as connected with the hiſtory of mankind, and to look up to the Deity as taking intereſt in our happineſs

from the firſt moment of our guilt, to the formal annunciation of the Mediatorial day of grace. It is allowed. But if Chriſtianity were placed on its own proper baſis, and examined, as ſingle and ſeparate from any other ſyſtem, I ſcruple not to riſk my opinion, that it would recommend itſelf by its own *intrinſic Excellence* and *native Authority*, and that it would evince its truth "by the demonſtration" of its own peculiar "ſpirit, and of power." Let the pretenſions of JESUS, as a teacher from heaven, be impartially and *ſedulouſly* conſidered by a competent, but *devout*, an able, but *well-diſpoſed* examiner, even without retroſpect or reference to the *Moſaic*, or any other antecedent, diſpenſation, and his enquiries will terminate in conviction. A firm faith will be the reſult of an honeſt inveſtigation, and the unprejudiced enquirer ſhall ultimately be aſſured, that the Chriſtian doctrine came from God, and that the promulger ſpake not of himſelf.

FOR what—addreſſing myſelf to the reaſon and judgment of this impartial ſearcher after truth,—what credentials, ſhould I ſay, do

do you inſiſt upon to eſtabliſh a celeſtial commiſſion? Do you demand miracles? The miracles of Jeſus were more and mightier, than thoſe of all the prophets his precurſors, whilſt he himſelf repeatedly appeals to them, in contradiſtinction to every other mode of proof. Do you require a doctrine at once wiſe and pure, that is perfect and wanting nothing? The object of your wiſhes is before you. The Goſpel is a Code of duty complete in all its parts. You can neither add to it, alter, nor amend it. It contains all things needful for life, and for godlineſs; for faith, and for ſalvation. Do you further demand the evidence of prophecy? Prophecy, as I ſaid before, is only a ſpecies of miracle, and why do you demand more amidſt an unmerited profuſion? Yet even here, without recourſe to the elder prophets, we can gratify your unlimited requiſition. Jeſus himſelf poſſeſſed this anticipation of futurity. His predictions were as improbable at the time of their enunciation, as they were literal in the accompliſhment, and in the execution, rigorous. Conſult for yourſelf the ſacred oracles. Read the Evangelic

records in the language in which they were originally written. Examine with attention, ſearch without prejudice, lay aſide all immoral prepoſſeſſions, pray for divine illumination, and in this humble and unbiaſſed ſpirit, truſt to your own deciſions. You may find, indeed, Hebraiſms interſperſed in the narration, and faſtidious ſceptics will tell you, that the Greek is ſometimes impure. But be not diſcouraged. Truth depends not on ſplendid diction. Facts are not altered by idioms: nor will the awful precepts of unerring Wiſdom, and the great outlines of duty be obſcured or obliterated by inelegance of phraſe. No extent of erudition can convert carpenters, fiſhermen, and collectors of cuſtoms into Cabbaliſts. A knowledge of the Hebrew may, indeed, enable the commentator to elucidate a local proverb, or to explain a provincial expreſſion. But you may comprehend as much, and believe on as good grounds, you may be as clear and unſhaken in your principles, as holy in your conduct, as comfortable in your hopes, as happy in your preſent expectations, and as rich in your future rewards, as the profoundeſt

Doctor

Doctor of them all. There are difficulties in every department of ſcience. There are obſcurities in moſt ſyſtems: and there are myſteries in the Bible, which neither you nor the firſt Hebrean Profeſſor will be able to develope, on this ſide that eternal world to which it points the aims and aſpirations of all.

THE evidence for Chriſtianity, Sir, requires to be placed in a very different point of view, to different perſons; and an able apologiſt will vary his mode of argument, as he has to do with a *Jewiſh*, or a *Gentile*, convert.* The Jew, habituated to venerate the writings and ritual of the Moſaic diſpenſation, will be led by his native prejudices, to trace the connection of the firſt, with the laſt, Revelation. He will judge of the *Anti-*

* ORIGEN ſeems to have been properly ſenſible of this diſtinction, and to have frequently availed himſelf of it. Ταυτα δε λεγω, ως προς Ιουδαιον συγκαταθεμενον τη προφητεια.—Τοιαυτα αν ειπομεν, τινα μεν προς Ελληνας, αλλα δε προς Ιουδαιους.

Origen, contra Celſum paſſim.

 type,

type, by its reſemblance to the *Type*; and he will be induced to place a proper confidence in that, which, by its *reſemblance to the ſhadow*, or *image*, he judges to be the *ſubſtance* of good things. The Gentile, on the contrary, will view the Goſpel, as a *formulary of faith*, adapted to his wants and weakneſſes; and as a *rule of duty*, which comes recommended to him by the divine *authority*, and *miraculous* powers of thoſe who were commiſſioned, *by theſe very ſigns*, to publiſh it: and, without tracing the dependence of the Goſpel, upon any prior Revelation; he will conſider *theſe*, as teſtimonies ſufficiently valid to command his aſſent, and influence his obedience. He will not, indeed, *reject* the authority of the Jewiſh prophets.* On the contrary, the New Teſtament will recommend to him the Old: whereas to the Jew, the Old would recommend the New.

* Ουχ ως λεγετε, δε οι προϊοντες ατιμαζουσι τα εν νομω γεγραμμενα· αλλα πλειονα τιμην αυτοις περιτιθεασιν, αποδεικνυντες οσον εχει βαθος σοφων και απορρητων λογων εκεινα τα γραμματα, τα υπο Ιουδαιων ου τεθεωρημενα, των επιπολαιοτερον και μυθικωτερον αυτοις εντυγχανοντων.

Origen, contr. Celſum, Lib. II.

I COULD

I COULD wiſh, Sir, to convince you for your, for my own, and for the ſake of others, that a man may be a Chriſtian, without being a *Jew Rabbi*. This raſh and uncharitable notion of yours confines faith, I fear, to a very circumſcribed circle. It diminiſhes the number of believers, beyond conception and computation. Nay, ſuppoſe a familiar acquaintance with the Hebrew, to be enacted as the criterion of *learning* only, and what terrible conſequences might enſue. If this were made the indiſpenſible qualification for *preferment*, and if every dignitary were to be diſgraced, who could not tranſlate the *Targum of Onkelos*, the change of places in the church might be as ſudden, as it is ſometimes in the ſtate; and we might probably ſee the purple toſſed back, the croſier reſigned, or the ſtall relinquiſhed by ſome of their preſent occupants.

NOTWITHSTANDING all this, Sir, I can moſt ſincerely aſſure you, that I am very far from being an enemy to any poſſible proficiency in this very ancient and comprehenſive language. I am very ſenſible of the

advantages it gives to the ſacred commentator and critic. I wiſh, Sir, that every clergyman underſtood it as perfectly as the vulgar tongue. I admire your zeal, I applaud your warmth, I approve your interpoſition in the cauſe of original ſcience, original writing, and original writers. I have only to lament, that upon this ſubject you have neither conſulted the intereſts of learning, nor your own reputation, by perfect conſiſtency. You have carried this, like your other notions, to an undue and intolerable extent. You talk even of an original hiſtory, or in your own words, *a hiſtory without borrowing*. The phraſe is original, and I will venture to ſay, not borrowed from any quarter. The terms are abſurd: in idea, a paradox, and a ſoleciſm, in language. From annals, or archives, or facts, or characters, from public monuments, or private records, every hiſtorian muſt borrow; and a hiſtory without borrowing, if it be any thing, can be no more, nor other, nor better, than a romance.

You ſeem to feel much ſatisfaction, from a familiarity with the *Buxtorfs*. But, Sir, the

Buxtorfs,

Buxtorfs, *Mercer*, *Maſclef*, and all the tribe of compilers, paraphraſts, lexicographers, and grammarians, are no *original* writers. They elucidate, indeed, they explain, they teach, they tranſlate. But they are all of them authors altogether unworthy of *your* peruſal. You can never ſubmit to learn through the medium of tranſlation: nor can you, conſiſtently with your *dignity* of ſcience, hold any connection with ſuch literary drudges. Whether you read, or whether you write, whether you give lectures in theology, or aſſume the taſk of the hiſtorian, your original genius can never ſubmit to borrow.

You appear, Sir, likewiſe to aſſume much pride of erudition, from an acquaintance with the ſelections of *Maimonides*. But the ſelections of *Moſes Maimonides*, though judiciouſly choſen, and admirably digeſted, are extracts, are abridgements, and therefore partial and borrowed. On *your own principle* you can repoſe no truſt in him. You can neither read him with confidence, nor quote him with credibility. In this caſe you believe through the medium of others. You are on

a level

a level with the mob of mankind. Like your hoſt, you take things upon truſt. You borrow from him, who borrowed from thoſe, who borrowed from others, what they derived from them, whoſe anceſtors communicated, what had been partly invented, by themſelves, and partly handed down to them, by oral tranſmiſſion, through a ſeries of centuries, and by the varying vehicle of ſucceſſive thouſands.

From you, Sir, who have taken ſuch elevated ground, and who profeſs to occupy ſo commanding a ſtation on the heights of ſcience, I muſt acknowledge I did not expect this language, and ſhould never have conceived that you would have betrayed your own argument by ſo unguarded a declaration.

You muſt, according to your own doctrine, *yourſelf for yourſelf*, conſult and peruſe the original Talmuds, *both that of Jeruſalem*, and that of Babylon. For it is of no conſequence that the one is now rejected, and the other in requeſt. It is in vain to urge that the one is obſcure and almoſt obſolete,

and

and the other voluminous, undigeſted and intricate. They *both* have a title to your attention from the mutual claim which they *equally* lay to the common origin of oral tradition, and perhaps that of *Jeruſalem* ought to have the preference from its ſuperior antiquity. With *theſe*, Sir, you muſt make yourſelf perfectly acquainted. You muſt derive your knowledge "not from the labours "of others, who ſtand above you in the "ſtream:" you muſt yourſelf penetrate through every obſtacle, to the heart and head of the fountain. You muſt be able to analyze its contents, to diſcriminate the elementary, from the adventitious,—the clear, the genuine, the defecate, from the terrene, the mineral and muddy, particles, which have corrupted its purity, deformed its beauty, and altered and almoſt changed its native qualities. You muſt with prompt and experienced acuteneſs, diſtinguiſh the pure from the impure, the lineal, from the adopted, the indigenous from the exotic, *Cabbala*, and you muſt exhibit the infinity of your erudition, by pointing out where the occult doctrines and legendary wiſdom of the

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older *Rabbins* lie buried under profane maſſes of Gentiliſm, accumulated by adopting extraneous and heterodox tenets from the *Ariſtotelian*, or *Peripatetic*, from the *Egyptian*, and even the *Pythagorean* philoſophy. You muſt, Sir, do this by *your own proper* penetration, or, according *to your own ſyſtem*, you are a borrower, and a blunderer. And after you have done this, you will have ſome title to dogmatize, you will have exceeded even the labours of *Maimonides*, and you may then expect to be informed whether I am a *Caraite* or a *Cabbaliſt*, whether I am a convert to the commentitious abſurdities of the *Miſchnah* and its diffuſe expoſitory *Completion*, or an abettor of the *Maſoretic* punctuation.

I AM aſtoniſhed, Sir, that you, who have ſo ſtrong a paſſion for originality, ſhould not, when you were got into the chapter of dialects, advance farther and aſcend higher. In the profuſion of your Hebrew, and in the ardour and apparatus of your ſtudied oſtentation of it, you omitted, or failed, or perhaps forgot to mention, its connection with the

Punic

Punic and *Palmyrene* languages. On theſe ſubjects there is room for much learned diſcuſſion. Theſe, Sir, are the remoteſt extremities of ſcience. You may here find immenſe ſcope for the diſplay of that tendency to conjecture, which you appear, together with other antiquarians, to poſſeſs in ſo prurient a degree. This is the *terra incognita* of literature, where you might without controul or contradiction make excurſions at will. Here is a field, vaſt, varied, and unexplored, replete with adventures, and propitious to a progreſs by which you might eaſily leave not only the groveling *Greekling*, but even the ſublimeſt of the GEONIM, far behind.

LET me recommend theſe topics to your inveſtigation. You may hence render yourſelf venerable by the ruſt of antiquity; and reap an immortal wreath of literary laurel. You may poſſibly penetrate even into the age of the Antidiluvians, and be fortunate enough in your way to demonſtrate that the Sacred, is related to the Primordial language, and bears no remote affinity to that of the natives of Paradiſe. Many hypotheſes, much

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leſs warrantable than this, have, in the fertile wantonneſs of the imagination, been ingeniouſly engendered, perſpicuouſly ſtated, and plauſibly maintained. There are thoſe of the literati verſed in *Oriental* erudition who have ſuggeſted that the confuſion of language did not extend to the inhabitants of the earth in general; and one of the two *Buxtorfs*, of whom you predicate ſuch excellencies, and whom you have ſo rhapſodically canonized, will inform you that the original word, which conveys to us the act and idea of this firſt confuſion of ſpeech, imports not a total alteration, but a change and commixture of language. But I grow preſumptuous, and ſhall moſt willingly relinquiſh a ſubject which I have neither ambition nor ability to purſue, and from which you appear ſolicitous to exclude me.

To come then nearer home, you have expreſſed high indignation at the execrated term *Dignity*. It was this villainous dignity, in your opinion, that ſtimulated the Roman Pontiffs to uſurp the tiara, and together with it to aſſume the ſeat, and to ape the ſovereignty,

ſovereignty, of the Almighty. For this reaſon you feel an irreconcileable antipathy to the application of this proud epithet. You cannot even allow it to exiſt, tempered with diſcretion, in a character, whom you affect to know, to admire, and to defend. And do you really, Sir, ſuſpect that this venerable character would act the ſame preſumptuous part, and aſpire to the ſame frantic pre-eminence? Is this bad innuendo the effect of your forward zeal for his reputation? Did the decencies of acquaintance, did the civilities of ſocial intercourſe, did the honour done you by ſo eligible a connection, demand this tribute of your gratitude? Do not the well-known opinions, the public profeſſions, and the private virtues of this manly prelate, guarantee his attachment to every principle of the Reformation, and give the lie to ſo baſe a ſuggeſtion? Does not his humble and amiable demeanour, both within his domeſtic, and ſocial circles, on your own confeſſion, preclude every idea of Imperious Port, and prove your panic upon this occaſion to be as mad as it is miſchievous? Is not the term in the Obſervations, which has

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raiſed in you ſo much premature reſentment, and urged you to ſo ſtupid a ſcurrility, confined ſolely to diſtinction of rank* in the church, and cautiouſly guarded by an additional epithet, from every attack of malice and miſrepreſentation? "Odium mordet pudor; impudentiæ fortiter reſiſtendum."† On this ſubject you merit, and can expect no quarter. As to repeat your arguments is to

* How properly, and how naturally this term is annexed to the Primacy every one of the leaſt acquaintance with either men or books will readily allow. But I wiſh not to advance this on my own authority. Let our objector read and reprobate the following paſſage.

"Hic mihi ſuccurrit vir omni memoria ſeculo-
"rum dignus Guilhelmus Waramus, Arch. Cant.
"totius Angliæ Primas: non ille quidem titulo,
"ſed re Theologus; erat enim Juris utriuſque
"Doctor; legationibus aliquot feliciter obeundis
"inclaruit, et Henrico ſeptimo, ſummæ prudentiæ
"Principi, gratus caruſque factus eſt. His gradibus
"evectus eſt ad Cantuarienſis Eccleſiæ *faſtigium*,
"cujus in ea inſula prima eſt DIGNITAS.

Eraſm. Eccleſiaſt.

† Quintilian, L. VI. C. 4. 4to. Ed. Gibſon.

refute

refute them, ſo your intentions to be rendered deteſtable need only to be deſcribed. Inſidious and bungling as an antagoniſt, as a friend, you are forward, fawning and treacherous. The facts which you diſpute, you *eſtabliſh*, the opinions which you cenſure, you *confirm*. If you make an effort to defend, you only *expoſe*, whilſt thoſe whom you attempt to compliment, you are invariably fated to *betray*.

But the idea of another abſolute Hierarchy gave you the alarm. To the Archiepiſcopal dignity, you united, in your heated imagination, the unlimited and intolerable pretenſions of the *Papacy*, and together with the decent ſolemnities of an Engliſh Cathedral, the gorgeous pageantry of the *Vatican*, and all the complicated vices of the monſters who preſided there, ruſhed into your wretched mind, and impreſſed you with a religious horror. Let me intreat you, good Sir, not to give way to theſe melancholy muſings. Your apprehenſions are altogether fanciful. Be aſſured the moſt reverend their Graces are in no danger of apoſtacy. Notwith-

ſtanding your fears and forebodings, the ſpurious pontificate of *Italy*, was never raiſed, and will never be re-eſtabliſhed on the baſis of real dignity. With as much propriety and hiſtoric truth, might you aſſert that the ſenſe of dignity ſtimulated ſo many of the Popes to the groſſeſt acts of the loweſt ſenſuality, gave birth to nepotiſm, and hurried ALEXANDER BORGIA * into the portentous crimes of adultery, of inceſt, and of murder.

BESIDES, Sir, your apprehenſions are as ill timed as they are ill founded. The preſent age will admit no tyranny, either eccleſiaſtical or civil. The *Pope* and the *Pretender* were the terrors of former times, and to the fears of our forefathers, indeed, juſt objects of alarm. But they have long ſince loſt their popularity, and ceaſed to urge their claims. It is fit that we too ſhould recover from our diſmay, and enjoy our happy emancipation. Let us contemplate, then, the bliſs before us. Permit me, Sir, to felicitate you on the growing power of

* Guiccardini.

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the people, the immortal exertions of their leaders, the glorious foundation of an immenſe Democracy, and the preſent aſpiring ſpirit of the nations. We live, we greatly live at a period, when, on one ſide, nothing is too arduous to attempt, nothing too great to expect, nothing too unreaſonable to demand; and when, on the other, nothing is too honourable to part with, nothing too precious to give, and nothing too invaluable even to offer. We have gained the ſummit of national celebrity. We can aſcend no higher. Now is the hour of independence and of univerſal liberty, and the power of patriotiſm prodigal of both.

After the ſuſpicions you have expreſſed againſt the Prelatical dignity, with much ſolemnity, and your uſual conſiſtency, you communicate to the world the name of a particular biſhop, as, of itſelf, a full and ſufficient apology for a particular ordination. But upon the ſuppoſition that there ſhould be any impropriety in any act of this ſort, it is of no conſequence to the public, it is of no moment with me, by means of what-

ever prelate an undue ordination is conſummated. No learning, no literary fame, no academic honours, no diſtinction of family, no pride of ſcience, no pre-eminence of ſtation, can juſtify the fact, atone for its indiſcretion, or prevent its diſgraceful and humiliating conſequences. Infallibility in ſpeculation, and impeccability in conduct, are the exploded and abject abſurdities of monkiſh ſervitude, and the darkeſt and moſt deplorable ſuperſtition. In vain is the tyranny of the *Tiara* rejected, if you ſtill attribute its magic to the *Mitre*. Unreluctant and unlimited ſubmiſſion to the dictates and deciſions of *Proteſtant prelates* cannot be exceeded by mean and trembling proſtration to the perſon of the *Pope*. The one is only the adoration of the body; the other the ignobler idolatry of the mind.

Dignity, Sir, is by no means to be confined to perſon, to profeſſion, or to ſtation. There is an intellectual, and there is a moral dignity. Men of the beſt cultivated talents, and of acknowledged reputation, as authors, have carried this idea to an exceſſive height, without

without incurring the imputation of impropriety, without receiving inſult, or giving umbrage. Of one of the moſt manly and meritorious characters in all Pagan antiquity, it is ſaid, by one of the firſt writers of modern date, that he "was ſtern and awful as a god." Your own Quintilian will teach you, that this quality has a ſtrict connection with virtue. "Ea quæ dicit vir bonus omnia ſalva dignitate ac verecundia decent." There is an elevation of ſentiment peculiar to Chriſtian piety itſelf, and where it obtains, it adds both firmneſs to the conduct, and grace to the character. Whilſt it fortifies, it accompliſhes the heart, and renders it at the ſame time, daring, devout, and benevolent. In nothing reſembling ambition, it has, and ever will have, directly oppoſite effects.

It was this dignity, the reſult of cultivated reaſon, and ſcriptural religion in conjunction, that in diſdain of the loudeſt thunder of the *Vatican*, and in defiance of perſecution, of durance, and of death, ſhook off the deſpotiſm of the *Papal yoke*, and hardily and happily effected that illuſtrious revolution in

the eccleſiaſtical ſyſtem, which forms an immortal æra in hiſtory, and is, with ſo much propriety and energy, ſtyled the REFORMATION.

IT was the want of this erection of ſentiment and of ſoul,—it was the defect of this laudable dignity and its only efficient cauſes, ſolid learning, and ſincere piety, which afterwards convulſed and confounded the church;—which ſubverted all order in the national worſhip, and took away all honour, and in the whining phraſe of thoſe times *every hoof* from the eſtabliſhed prieſthood;—which robbed the Prelate of his peerage, tore the Mitre from his ſacred brow, and with more than ruffian violence expelled him from the ſanctuary;—which put to flight together with him, every relict of diſcipline and diſtinction, and, with remorſeleſs rage, utterly obliterated every veſtige of decency, ſound faith, and Chriſtian morality.*

* FOR a more particular view of the fanaticiſm, immorality and blaſphemy, which diſtinguiſhed the turbulent period here alluded to, the reader may conſult not only the hiſtorians of that time, but above all, *Edwards's Gangræna*, 4to. 3 vols.

THERE

THERE is a ſuperiority even in ſtyle, a decency in manner, and a conſequence in truth, which will always be conſulted where it is poſſible, and preſerved by every writer, who wiſhes either to gain attention, or to impart inſtruction. Theſe will render him ſteady, but not obſtinate, varied, but not inconſiſtent, animated, but not acrimonious, and even ſevere, but not ſcurrilous. He will, no doubt, feel, he will reſent, and, if need be, retaliate. But he will remonſtrate without brawling, he will refute without obloquy, and reprove without malevolence. He will ſuit his manner of addreſs to the temper of his opponents, and adapt his rejoinder to the provocation he has met with. In ſhort, as a reaſoner he will be every thing that he ought to be, and as a controvertiſt, every thing that you ſhould be. Had you attended to theſe conſiderations, you would neither have been ſo ſlovenly in your diction,* ſo haſty

* You have thought proper to accuſe me in general terms of uſing broken metaphors. *Delicias Hominis!* In one and the ſame motley paragraph, you repreſent the ſame perſon as the purſuer,

haſty in your cenſures, ſo vague in your reflections, ſo falſe in your concluſions, nor ſo unjuſt in your accuſations. You aſſert very confidently, that all my obſervations tend to condemn the lack of a little Greek and Latin. I much ſuſpect that you read as rapidly, as you have written raſhly. It was *without*, though not againſt, my plan, to cenſure immorality in the clerical character; and I might well have been pardoned, if I had made this omiſſion. But your complaint even on this ſubject is unneceſſary,

and the object of purſuit. An acquaintance with Longinus, is without doubt creditable enough. To be able to ring changes on the different dialects of Homer, indicates much labour and ſome learning. The Syriac, the Samaritan, and the Chaldee ſound awfully. But in the pride of high connections, we ſhould do well not to forſake or forget our humbler friends. There is ſometimes as much uſe in theſe as in thoſe. You would perhaps find it the price of your labour occaſionally to recur to your rhetorical inſtitutes. The ſame individual animal, a fox, a hound, and a hunter too! By the venerable beard of Ariſtarchus, learned Sir, this is beyond all bounds and bearing. "Et quod dicendum hîc fiet, TU "quoque *ſpurcè* nimium: non laudo. Nec ſunt "hæc digna Cedro."

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and you will find ſome very undiſguiſed paſſages which evince it to be ſo. It was left to your happier genius, at once to vindicate the ignorance, and to condemn the immorality, of the clergy: that is, amongſt your other rational exploits, to plead for the cauſe, and to argue againſt the effect. And you muſt allow that my preſumption is at leaſt as venial as yours: for, if I deſerve ſo ill, who have only complained of the *incapacity*, what muſt your demerit be, who have with ſuch freedom, and in ſuch low language, expoſed the *vices*, of the clergy?

THERE is one, and but one topic, on which we almoſt approach to a coalition of ſentiment. You profeſs to prefer the prayers of illiterate piety, to the practiſed devotion of unregenerate ſcience. It is not to be diſputed, that the ignorant enthuſiaſt is a *character* preferable to the profligate ſcholar. The one, though deluded, is devout; the other, notwithſtanding his plauſibility, is profane. So far we think together. But, with reſpect to the public performance of their duty, and the edification reſulting from it,

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the advantage is evidently on the part of learning. The narrow, impracticable bigot, rejects wholeſome counſel, and diſdains ſound doctrine, becauſe the practice of the preacher differs from that line of conduct which he has fixed as the ſtandard of perfection. The delirious patient refuſes the relief to be derived from an infallible medicine, becauſe it is offered him by a phyſician who is himſelf an invalid. An old, avaricious client, will not take the opinion of an able advocate, becauſe he is young, voluptuous, and profuſe. The ancient, and the modern, infidel, rake up the extravagancies, repeat the diviſions, and aggravate the enormities of *Chriſtians*, and then wantonly charge them to the account, and wickedly reject the authority, of CHRISTIANITY.

Now, in all theſe caſes, an obvious diſtinction ſubſiſts between the *profeſſion* and *profeſſors*. The advantages reſulting from the one, are, by no means, to be rejected on account of the faults imputable to the others. A prudent man, at the leaſt, will be careful not

not to be thus fooliſhly faſtidious. And wherever we find this neceſſary diſcrimination overlooked, the cauſe can only be reſolved into ignorance, intolerance, conceit, a ſpirit of contention, or the predominance of ſome paſſion of more baneful growth. The balm of conſolation is to be thankfully received by whatever hand adminiſtered. Reſpect is to be had to proper advice, without adverting to the follies, or to the failures of the adviſer. Uſeful exhortation may be attended with the very beſt effects from even a worthleſs inſtructor. With inſtances of this nature the experience of every day is furniſhed: and to neglect the public offices of *religion*, and to deſert the *duties* of *devotion*, becauſe the preacher is indevout, is as wiſe and as warrantable, as obſtinately to ſuffer pain, becauſe the profeſſor of phyſic is unhealthy, or paſſively to bear injury or injuſtice, becauſe thoſe who are ſkilled in juriſprudence are ſometimes exorbitant, fraudulent, and oppreſſive.

The prejudices of inſtitution and of education are ſtrong, thoſe of ignorance are inveterate,

veterate, whilſt thoſe of ill will are more virulent and envenomed than any other: yet we ſee all theſe overpowered by that tendency impreſſed upon the human mind to purſue its own intereſts, and conſult its own utility, in ſpite of its weakeſt prepoſſeſſions, and its moſt wayward habitudes of thinking.

But though its verdict be awful, we are not left on this ſubject to the reſult of experience alone. It was the command of unerring heavenly Wiſdom, to the bigots of Judea, that they ſhould religiouſly obſerve, and implicitly obey the *precepts*, and carefully avoid all imitation of the *conduct* of the Moſaic Doctors. Reſpect was certainly due to their commiſſion; whilſt the nature of their employment, if they were ſcribes well inſtructed, was calculated to form the happieſt impreſſions in their favour. Notwithſtanding that deteſtation in which hypocriſy ever was, and ever will be held, an able teacher will be always popular, becauſe he is always pleaſing. What is well ſpoken, is always well heard. Eloquence, whether ſacred,

ſacred, or ſecular, muſt command attention. There is as much effrontery, as much ſimulation, and more abſurdity in preſuming to *preach* without *learning*, as there is in attempting to *moralize* without *virtue*. It appears as requiſite to pray with the *underſtanding*, as it is incumbent to pray with the *ſpirit* alſo. Integrity of heart, without the *accompliſhments* of the *mind*, will never qualify for the diſcharge of a learned profeſſion. The honeſt illiterate man may be harmleſs, uſeful, and even amiable in common life. In a menial, a mechanical, or a mercantile capacity, he may live to no uſeleſs purpoſe, and perhaps do much good ſervice. But in the departments of ſcience he is eſſentially deficient, and will be held egregiouſly contemptible.

Let no virtuous man take offence at what is here advanced. It is not my purpoſe to caſt reflections on any ſtation, or to ſtand forth the advocate of vice in any; and much more abhorrent from my intention is it to plead for *immorality* in the *clerical* character. By precept and by *practice*, by their *holy* lives

lives as well as by their learned labours they are bound, they are dedicated, they are devoted to promote the cauſe of Chriſtianity, to oppoſe the artifices and attacks of infidelity, and to ſecure their own and the immortal intereſts of mankind. It is their duty, and it will be demanded of them to *be* what they profeſs, to *do* what they ſay, and to *live* what they preach.

Still allowances are to be made them on many accounts. They have a title to the conveniencies and to the comforts, reſulting from a civilized ſtate of ſociety. Religion is no auſtere, unrelenting, ſyſtem, which confines its votaries to perpetual maceration and miſery. Nor is it a ſullen, ſolitary, ſcheme, which buries its profeſſors alive in the gloom of ſecluſion, or diſables them for uſe and action by the torpor of indolence. It is auſpicious to the beſt properties of humanity, it forms, as it finiſhes, the accompliſhments of the citizen of the world, and is no leſs favourable to the graces than to the virtues. It is permitted the Clergy to cultivate, it is natural to expect in them,

liberality

liberality of ſentiment, elegance of addreſs, and acts of the moſt refined philanthropy. On all ſides are they connected with the multitude, and their deſtination and their duty require that they ſhould by every *innocent exertion*, endeavour to recommend themſelves *for the ſake of that cauſe*, in the eſtabliſhment of which, they are ſo ſolemnly intereſted.

Nor is this all. The preſent is not a ſtate of perfection. Finite and material, they are therefore frail and fallible. In ſome reſpects they may be blameable, in many erroneous, and in all imperfect. But theſe are the common characteriſtics of mortality, natives of the periſhable ſoil, which muſt live whilſt it laſts, and will become extinct only at its diſſolution. In ſhort, errors, infirmities and imperfections adhere to all, and are tolerable in all. When they appear in the Clergy, therefore, they have an equal claim to pity, and to forgiveneſs. But there are two things, which are neither venial nor tolerable in them, and theſe are, Vice and Ignorance. Habitual profligacy and profeſ-

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ſional incapacity, here, deſerve no quarter. Which of theſe is moſt cenſurable may be problematical enough, but which of them is moſt infamous will bear ſmall diſpute. By the one, a divine is indiſputably proved a hypocrite;—by the other, a hypocrite and an impoſtor.

But it is time that my altercation with *you* ſhould terminate. To that torrent of low invective, that unconnected, and, ſometimes, unintelligible rhapſody of ribald wit, which forms the bulk of your letter, and affects not the writer of this, you muſt expect no anſwer. With the connections, the amities, or enmities, of the late rector of B——, and, to uſe your own elegant phraſeology, "the preſent one," I have no concern. By reckoning the former of my party, you have done me an honour to which I really can make no pretenſions, and, for which, that gentleman, I fear, will owe you ſmall obligation. The obſervations were written without communication with him, and without his, or the conſciouſneſs of any other clergyman. And though I have neither commiſſion, nor intereſt

intereſt in his vindication, I think it only juſtice to make this declaration, to clear him from a charge which is altogether fanciful and groundleſs.

And here, Sir, it was my purpoſe to have drawn this letter to a concluſion. But an attack of a moſt unjuſtifiable nature, directed againſt the Obſervations and their ſuppoſed author, by a *correſpondent* with a party of writers, who ſtyle themſelves Monthly Reviewers, muſt form my apology for a longer treſpaſs upon your time and attention. This able critic you will find no mean auxiliary. He ſeems well diſpoſed to ſecond your endeavours; whilſt he not only equals but exceeds you in the violence of his aſſertions, and the wildneſs of his unlimited conjectures. You appear to have been ſatisfied with an attempt to make me a partner in intellect with one of the characters ſuſpected to be alluded to in my former remarks, but this ſagacious gentleman contends, with all the vehemence of proteſtation, that I am a relation to him by blood alſo, and that, *in conſequence of this affinity*, I had myſelf formed no generous deſign upon his living.

Be it ſo. Allowing myſelf to be a relation, according to this account, I muſt be a more atrocious knave than I am there denominated, and a greater fool, than with all my ignorance, infirmities and imperfections, I have had reaſon hitherto either to think myſelf, or to be thought by others, if I had formed any deſigns, or foſtered any expectations of profit or emolument from the property of a family of the deſcription there given. This family is repreſented to be under the preſſure of *circumſcribed means*, of *embarraſſed circumſtances*, and the ſmart of a long and expenſive law-litigation. And this part of the account, I have reaſon to believe, from reputable authority, to be indiſputably true. Now mark the conſequences. In order to ſecure their *inheritance*, I am repreſented as wiſhing to prevent the ſon from becoming qualified to hold the living. But what purpoſe, ſuppoſing me able to effect it, would this manœuvre have anſwered? Neceſſity brooks no delay, and clamorous creditors are ſparing of indulgence. Would not the diſtreſſed circumſtances above deſcribed by their abettors have compelled them to an inſtant

inſtant ſale? So that, whether the ſon were not in orders, ſhould I have been at all the better; or if he were, ſhould I have been at all the worſe? Falſehood is generally inconſiſtent. Groundleſs accuſations ever fall by their own intrinſic abſurdity. "Hæc non bene conveniunt. Non ſat com-"modè diviſa, ſunt temporibus, tibi Dave "hæc." The ſeaſon of the diſtreſs of one party, and of the mercenary intentions of the other, are irreconcileable contradictions. The deſign of this ſhallow artifice I need not point out. The reader will, without much ſagacity, diſcover it. The infamy of it I likewiſe leave to his reprobation. Recrimination is the effect of a wounded ſpirit, and almoſt always indicates guilt. Completely contented with having demonſtrated, that neither blaſted pride, nor defeated avarice, were the motives to my conduct; I ſhould think the taſk irkſome, and the time ill employed, in expoſing the enormity of a ſlander which barely excites in me ſentiments of ſcorn.

But then, "as a relation"—Let me recollect myſelf. Has not ſome miſtake or

miſapprehenſion taken place from a curſory peruſal? No. "As a relation, I knew that "could this ordination be any way pre-"vented, the inheritance would be mine." *Mon Dieu! Meſſieurs, vous plaiſantez.* With reſpect to the *affinity*, you may with as much truth, ſuſpect me to be allied to *Monſieur* DESSEIN of *Calais*; and with reſpect to the *inheritance*, you may with equal plauſibility, accuſe me of intriguing for a *Cardinal*'s hat. For, upon my word of honour as a man, and, what is more, upon my veracity as a Chriſtian, I affirm, that whatever relations the late Rector of B—— and his family may be, I am not in the remoteſt, nor in any degree, either by conſanguinity or affinity, allied to the preſent patron of that living. I have no obligation, I attribute no benefit, I owe no favour to him. Yet notwithſtanding this, I bear neither to him nor his any ill will. And I hope I am as incapable of forming any unjuſt deſigns upon, as, I am ſure, I am diſqualified from deriving any profit from, his property. Before the laſt two years, I never recollect to have ſeen him; and ſo far was I from either eſpouſing the intereſt of the late,

late, or of having any ſiniſter views upon the inheritance of the preſent Rector of B——, that in an accidental converſation with the patron of this living, whom I found to be a comely old figure, a pleaſant companion, *a bon vivant*, and in the mood of being very communicative of his own concerns and connections, I made uſe of every argument I could, without being impertinent, ſuggeſt, to perſuade him to part with the living. By this method I then thought, and ſtill think, with many others, that no injury would have accrued to any individual, leſs diſgrace have been brought upon the church, and leſs blaſphemy on the doctrine of Jeſus.

To be falſe when making out a charge of falſehood againſt another, to ſay the leaſt of it, is *preſumptuous* in the extreme; yet with this hardened malignity is this declaimer upon charity obviouſly chargeable. For it is no where aſſerted in the Obſervations, that any application was made by any Earl, *to the Biſhop who had the power of ordination.* Neither is it poſitively affirmed, that two Earls *did* apply in any quarter upon this

 occaſion.

occaſion. Yet although this is enumerated among other inſtances of my *ill faith*, this very fact is corroborated by thoſe who contradict it; and it is in proof from the account ſtated in the Review, united with that in your letter, that two noblemen did actually intereſt themſelves in this buſineſs. But words vary their import, aſſertions loſe their ſignification, and facts change their nature, as they proceed from different parties. What is from this man deemed calumny, is from that called compliment; what is *falſehood* here, is there *indiſputable truth*; and what pronounced by me, is candidly called *ſcandalum magnatum*, is, from others, moſt conſiſtently termed a perfectly honeſt and impartial repreſentation of *the ſtory as it is*.

"I AM farther charged with diſreſpect to ſeveral gentlemen of property and conſequence." A partial teſtimonial for a candidate for holy orders, is a novelty in practice, with which I was not acquainted at the time I firſt wrote. It has been generally underſtood that atteſtations of this ſort, are to extend to *literary qualifications* as well as to morals. Under the

influence

influence of this perſuaſion, it is not to be wondered at that I expreſſed myſelf with a degree of unuſual animation. A lay teſtimonial itſelf ſtruck me as a very extraordinary circumſtance, and very much out of the routine of the uſual eccleſiaſtical proceſs, and common canonical form. It ſtrikes me ſtill in the ſame light. Notwithſtanding this, care was taken to diſtinguiſh between the *meaſure* and the *men*; and though I cannot but from my conſcience condemn *that*, yet I have now, as I always had, all proper deference for *theſe*. An exceſs of benignity will, in the beſt diſpoſitions, ſometimes run out into imprudence. I deſire not to detract from any of their good qualities. It is even alledged againſt me that I repreſent them as *a reſpectable body*. The allegation is well founded. I am happy in the reflection: and ſuch confidence have I in their integrity, that I would leave it to the honour of any gentleman concerned, to determine whether he can conſiſtently argue for the propriety of a tranſaction, at the *conſequence* of which I have heard more than one of them expreſs their aſtoniſhment and indignation.

With reſpect to the *clerical* teſtimonial, I confeſs I cannot alter my opinion, and without detracting either from the private, or *profeſſional*, merit of thoſe who ſubſcribed it, and notwithſtanding its ſingular deviation from the uſual mode, I think it but honeſt to declare that for ſuch a purpoſe I could not have ſigned it.

It had been ſaid, and confidently, that one ordination had taken place in conſequence of the opinions of ſeveral of the epiſcopal order convened and conſulted thereon. What preciſe number of theſe ſacred conventioniſts is requiſite to form a ſynod, may be matter of uncertain determination: but from the evidence of two publications, it is clear that four prelates, at the leaſt, took part in this negotiation; and it is of ſmall conſequence whether they acted ſeparately, or together, whether in the ſame, or in different and remote ſituations. Yet this circumſtance I was cautious not to advance as a fact. It is communicated in the Obſervations as an unfounded, but current *report*. You may if you pleaſe call it a conjecture, or, if you had rather have it ſo, a calumny.

calumny. I aſſerted it not upon my own authority. Care was taken to expreſs this diſtinction. And though it was conveyed to me by different characters, in whom I have confidence, and by them on the authority of one whoſe *ſingular piety has been atteſted in a moſt ſingular manner*, yet I am not ſolicitous to effect its eſtabliſhment. I rejoice that it is contradicted. It was highly proper it ſhould be ſo. I moſt ſincerely wiſh it to be done away; and if any acknowledgment of error or of contrition to this venerable order may be deemed requiſite, and not unhandſome, on my part, I can, with very great truth, ſay, that I regret its inſertion in the Obſervations.

But the worthy prelate, to whom this gentleman owes his preſent employment, "could have no intereſt" in this affair. Whence does this ſuſpicion ariſe? I never aſſerted that he *had*, and what he *could* have, I have neither a wiſh further to develope, nor a deſire to be informed.

His motives on this occaſion are, on the contrary, repreſented to be thoſe only of "propriety

"propriety and compaſſion." But theſe motives, like the other parts of this extravagant narrative, deſtroy each other. If propriety were one motive, it would leave no place for *compaſſion*. If compaſſion were admitted, as it is adduced as another, it would take away all plea of *propriety*. For if any candidate for holy orders, have the requiſite qualifications, he has a *juſt right* to be ordained: his ordination can in no ſenſe be ſaid to be the effect of *compaſſion*. If he have not, he ought to *be rejected*: his ordination can in no ſort be attributed to the motive of *propriety*.

THESE inducements ſtand not well *together*. Let us try if they will bear the teſt of examination, in the preſent inſtance, *ſeparately*. Compaſſion, lenity, liberality, and charity, an expanded ſoul, and all the generous virtues, add peculiar luſtre to high ſtation, beam with diſtinguiſhed brightneſs in the epiſcopal character, and are, no doubt, amongſt many others, reſplendent qualities in the conduct of the learned prelate, who was prevailed upon to perform this act of grace.

Qu'

Qu'on vante en lui la foi, l'honneur, la probité;
Qu'on priſe ſa candeur & ſa civilité:
Qu'il ſoit doux, complaiſant, officieux, ſincere:
*On le veut, j'y ſouſcris, & ſuis prêt de me taire.**

I HAVE not an objection to offer againſt all theſe, in their proper place. But upon the preſent occaſion, and on the ſubject in debate, I muſt take freedom to affirm, that the inducement is over-rated, miſcalled, and even miſtaken. A family enriched with property to the amount in value of eight thouſand pounds, can with no ſtrictneſs of propriety be called objects of *compaſſion*. You may, if you pleaſe, extenuate the motive by reſolving it into flexibility of diſpoſition, civility, condeſcenſion, compliance, or complaiſance, but it muſt not be dignified by aſſuming the amiable epithet of compaſſion.

THIS boaſted virtue ſeems to have been exerted too late. It ſhould have taken place when *diſtreſſed circumſtances* and *circumſcribed means* more properly and urgently demanded it. But only ſuppoſe this ordi-

* Oeuvres de Monſ. Boileau. Tom. I. Sat. 9.

nation

nation to have been ſolicited before the circumſtance of the family living rendered it convenient, and is there one of the parties concerned in effecting it, who would not have rejected the application with ſcorn? If they certainly would, the ſame reaſons exiſted and operated to juſtify their refuſal afterwards; as an addition of property made not the leaſt addition to the *learned* and *profeſſional* qualifications of the ſolicitor. If they would not have rejected the application even then, but will contend that they could have juſtified their interference on motives of *compaſſion*, ten thouſand other objects, more diſtreſſed and better qualified, ſtill deſerve and demand this tribute of their humanity. Let no ſtop then be put to the overflowings of this benign quality. Let it take its freeſt courſe:—And if honeſt indigence is to be the principal, and ruined inſolvency the firſt, recommendation into the church, "for the comfortleſs ſake of the needy, and "becauſe of the deep ſighing of the poor," let every receptacle of miſery be explored, let every hut be emptied, and every gaol diſembogue its wretched inhabitants;—and let

beggars

beggars and bankrupts be appointed to the firſt Dignities, and inveſted with the richeſt robings of the Church. If *this* be charity—and *this charity*, as we are ſcornfully and ſhameleſly told, edifieth,—let her have her perfect work. To accompliſh this bleſſed conſummation, let the laity again exert their influence, and the Prelate lend his hand. Let the dark age of ignorance recur, the Chaos of Monkery be renewed, and a *ſpiritual darkneſs, that may be felt*, again envelope and obſcure the nations. Let the ſcholar renounce his *learning*, which only puffeth up, and the ſaint his *illuminations*, which only delude, and let them more wiſely learn to hail theſe *ſacred horrors!*

But it ſeems there was "a peculiar propriety alſo in this ordination." Yet in vain do we ſearch for the leaſt appearance of it. Is a clerical teſtimonial out of the *uſual*, or a lay teſtimonial out of *all*, form, the one a circumſtance uncommon, and the other unexampled and unheard of,—are *theſe* the arguments on which this plea of propriety is grounded? Does the brief and barren detail

detail of the ſuggeſted qualifications of the preſent object of our enquiries (for even his vindicators have not had the courage to aſſert that he *poſſeſſes* them) a bare ability *to read a chapter or a ſermon*—do theſe, any of them ſeparately, or all of them aggregately taken, lead us to admit or to acquieſce in this idea of propriety? The idea of propriety may indeed exiſt in the head of a retained advocate, whoſe opinions are regulated by his profits, and who judges of moral fitneſs by his fees: but until it be demonſtrated, that *clerical ignorance* is eſſential to *clerical credit*, and I would not be ſurpriſed to ſee this poſition attempted, I muſt beg permiſſion to queſtion the validity of this imputation.

"The conſideration of a family living, "is thrown likewiſe into the ſcale of argu- "ment, and made another inducement to "this extraordinary meaſure." But family land, like *family blood*, is made neither better nor worſe by the poſſeſſors. A different eſtimate of them is an infallible indication of *family weakneſs*. And if all the family

family livings in this kingdom are to be burthened with ſuch appendages, they will become juſt ſubjects of public grievance, and proper objects of public reform.

But the author of the Obſervations is charged with the horrid crime of having "ſigned a bond." It is true, that he has ſigned many bonds of many ſorts. It is true that he always ſigned them *bonâ fide*. And it is true that they were always *bonâ fide*, *fulfilled*. All this he is willing to admit.—But to any man, or number of men, of whatever eminence in literature or in law, or of whatever dignity of office or of profeſſion, who ſhall be mean or malicious enough to traduce him with the charge of prevarication propenſe, of wilful fraud, or of intentional falſehood,—to each and to every of theſe he replies, in the laconic ſtyle and undaunted ſpirit of a late illuſtrious prelate, adopted from a father of uncorrupt but unaccommodating principles, Mentiris Impudentissime.

This is not all. I am accuſed of levity and indecency when writing on a ſubject in which

which character is ſo much concerned. But what riſk of character, let me aſk this *uniform Pleader*, could there poſſibly be in promoting a buſineſs which he aſſerts to be both *equitable* and *laudable*, and which he recommends on the principles of *propriety* and *compaſſion?* What is officially proper and praiſe-worthy in any, muſt be equally fit and graceful in *every*, Prelate; and if an ordination reflect no diſhonour on one, it can bring no diſcredit on a *bench* of Biſhops. This is an unfortunate conceſſion. For if this matter be of the nature of thoſe which *affect the character*, with what colour of decency is it defended? And if it be claſſed with thoſe facts which are juſtifiable on the beſt and wiſeſt motives, how can it be ſaid *to injure the reputation?* What neceſſity was there to make this humiliating acknowledgment? What need even for the ſuggeſtion of an *error?* Or what propriety in expreſſing the moſt diſtant expectation of candour, connivance, or *forgiveneſs?*

"But the ſole purpoſe of my former pro-
"duction," it is ſaid, "was to caſt an odium
"on

"on a very worthy prelate." *You* will contradict this, Sir; you will recollect the *Eulogy* with which you have reproached me, and for once, even in oppoſition to your own wiſhes, do me juſtice. The truth of the matter is this. From the beginning to the end of the Obſervations, no particular *Biſhop* is ſpecified, no particular *Period* pointed out, no diſtinct ſituation of *Country* or of *County* deſcribed. Many inſtances of error in the appointment of the miniſtry are complained of, and if, to give ſome colour of *fact* to the memorial, *one inſtance* is laboured more than the reſt; yet even in this, no *names** are mentioned, the time is fixed ſo far back as the commencement of the preſent century,

* At enim qui vitas hominum ita taxat ut neminem omnino perſtringat *nominatim*, quæſo utrum is mordere videtur, an docere potius, ac monere? Præterea qui nullum hominum genus prætermittit, is nulli homini, vitiis omnibus, iratus videtur. Ergo, ſi quis extiterit, qui ſæſe læſum clamabit, is aut conſcientiam prodet ſuam, aut certe metum. Luſit hoc in genere multo liberius ac mordacius divus Hieronymus, ne *nominibus* quidem aliquoties parcens. Erasm.

and the charge might have been directed againſt any prelate, from the days of Dr. *Atterbury*, to the preſent year. It is much better to be oppoſed by *diſcreet enemies*, than to be defended by *falſe* and *feeble friends*. Ceaſe then, Sir, any longer to inſult the inſtinctive perceptions of common ſenſe by charging *me* with a perſonal attack upon your friend. By me his name ſhould have been for ever unbetrayed. It is *yourſelf* and this his *other* counſellor, who have repreſented him *nominally* and *perſonally* to the public, as one degree removed from ſavage barbarity, and juſt riſing from the ſtate of uncultivated nature. With the moſt *friendly* intention, the fulleſt force of *reaſoning*, and to the *immortal* honour of the different parties, you have poſitively aſſerted to whom the world is indebted for bringing into the church an aſtoniſhingly proper perſon, whom you aſſert to have lived even "without a *view* "to a *dignified* profeſſion," whom you ſeem willing to believe qualified to "read a "*chapter* in the Bible," and who, having been, many years, employed in an *inferior* capacity, "partly in an Inn, and partly in "a Poſt-

" a Poſt-Office," can neither be ſaid to be altogether " without education, nor to have " an underſtanding of the loweſt form."

A RETURN of thanks ſtill remains to be made to this candid Reviewer for his learned lecture upon charity. It comes with peculiar grace after the account to which it is ſubjoined. I would only aſk him, whether *benevolence*, when oppoſed to overbearing ſcience, is to extinguiſh a fervent zeal " according to knowledge," and whether *Chriſtian charity* involves a *cowardly connivance* at offences againſt the community? Does *religious benignity* imply an *apathy* of diſpoſition? Or is it the effect of brotherly *love* to ſtifle the remonſtrances of *reaſon?* The Apoſtle, whoſe expreſſions he borrows, was no *inſipid* character. He was *ardent* in his *oppoſitions*, as well as *amiable* in his *affections*; and as illuſtrious for the firmneſs of an unyielding *integrity*, as he was remarkable for the fervour of his undiſſembled *attachments*. " Whereinſoever any is bold, " I am bold alſo. Who is offended, and I " burn not? I am become a fool in glorying:

"Ye have compelled me:—for I ought to "have been commended of you. When I "ſaw that they walked not uprightly, ac- "cording to the truth of the Goſpel, I with- "ſtood Peter to the face, before them all, "becauſe he was to be blamed. Again, "think you that we excuſe ourſelves unto "you? We ſpeak before God in Chriſt: "but do all things, dearly beloved, for your "edifying."

The laſt article of my impeachment is an *extravagant eſtimate* of my own qualifications. It has not been hitherto my wont to *boaſt* of my *learning*. I never thought it ſufficient. I have not made an eſtimate of my *abilities:* I cannot ſay that I think them worth one. An eſtimate of my *Opinions* I may have made, and *that* perhaps is what this acute critic would, or rather *ſhould*, have aſſerted. I ſhall be free enough farther to hint to him, that I have not adopted them *at hazard*, that I am not in haſte to *relinquiſh* them, and ſhall never be beaten out of them by vulgar ſarcaſms, virulent aſperſions, and the rude rhetoric of oyſter-women and porters.

Upon

Upon the whole, this appears but a bad buſineſs, and it is made worſe by a bad apology. And when the *Caſe* itſelf is conſidered, together with the vague, the inconcluſive, the improbable, the contradictory, the *falſe*,* and the fallacious nature of the *vindication*

* The writer who has diſtinguiſhed himſelf by his correſpondence with the Reviewers, has a particular expreſſion, of which he has been very liberal. He has very peremptorily and poſitively repeated that this, and that, and the other fact, related in the Obſervations, *is not true*. Let him make trial how he approves this ſcandalous imputation in retort.

It is not true, then, that the author of the Obſervations has aſſerted, that two, or any, earls applied to "the Biſhop to whom the power of ordination, "in this caſe, belonged." *It is not true*, that "the "indignation and deriſion excited by this ordination "exiſt no where but in the obſerver and his family." *It is not true*, that he is "related to the Rector," *it is not true*, that he is "related to the Patron," *it is not true*, that he had ever the moſt diſtant deſign upon "the rectory of B——n." *It is not true*, that he ever ſigned any bond, which ſpecified, that any brother of his ſhould give up any living, "whenever" either any "Edward," or any Charles, or any other

vindication of it, every honeſt man will be compelled to think that he never ſaw a more *wretched cauſe* more *wretchedly defended.*

FOR,

fellow, whether Inn-holder, or Poſt-maſter, or Poſtman, "ſhould be ordained Prieſt." *It is not true,* that he ever endeavoured to "prevent this ordination:"—And *it is not true,* that "if this ordination "could by any way be prevented, the inheritance "would have," either, "been *his,* or devolved to "any related to him."

ONE of theſe is not only, like the others, an infamous and injurious, but an *abſurd* falſehood. For what counſellor, learned in the law, would in the preſent inſtance have been ſo inattentive to the "embarraſſed circumſtances" of his Client; or what attorney would have blundered ſo egregiouſly, as to conſign a living to a Clergyman, on condition that he ſhould give it up only, *whenever,* a particular Layman unprepared, unqualified, unadapted, and not "educated even with a view, "to a dignified profeſſion, ſhould be ordained Prieſt?" However weak in argument, precipitate in affirmation, and prepoſterous in ſuſpicion, the writer who furniſhed the Reviewers with the ſubſtance of this article, may have thought it not unworthy of himſelf to appear, yet I find it difficult to perſuade myſelf that even *he* with all his miſtakes and

miſnomers,

For, make every poſſible ſuppoſition. Allow to malice its moſt cruel *calumnies*. Give the reins to lawleſs *conjecture*;—and permit to the *imagination* an unreſtrained career. Call me, as a ſcholar, a *ſcioliſt*: as a man, *ungrateful*: as a relation, *unnatural*. To what after all does this amount? The follies of

miſnomers, would have acted with ſuch exquiſite abſurdity. If he be not aſhamed to aſſert that he *would*, I can only ſay that, if I knew him, I would be careful that he ſhould not add me to the number of his ill-fated Clients. For, was there ever an action more wretchedly vindicated, or a fact more miſerably miſrepreſented, than the preſent? So far is it from being a detail of the *ſtory as it is*, that, from the commencement to the concluſion of it, it is almoſt entirely a repreſentation of it, *as it is not*. But *fair motives* tend to juſtify *foul means*. *Honeſt principles* are, ſometimes, held to ſanctify *ambiguous practices*:—and, as the *mere love of truth* hath not ſeldom urged its miſtaken vindicators to ſupport it at the expence of *notorious falſehoods*, ſo the *ſimple* love of juſtice, we are told, hath impelled this Gentleman, learned in the law, to draw up this inaccurate, *unjuſt*, and *unjuſtifiable* narrative.

But the author of the Letter to the late Rector of B——n, will perhaps expect that I ſhould apologize

of the little can never be inſtanced in to extenuate the indiſcretions of the great. The blackeſt guilt in *one* character will not form the phantom of an argument to juſtify the faults of *another*. And my baſeneſs is in vain pleaded to vindicate an act, the frequency and the folly of which have juſtly rendered it a ſubject of no placid animadverſion. The ſuperficial knowledge of *this* man will never palliate the patronage of groſs ignorance in *that:* and *my* ingratitude, and *my*

to him for troubling him ſo long with a ſubject, which, as it refers to a different publication, cannot be ſuppoſed to belong to him. He muſt bear with me when I affirm, that I think otherwiſe. There is ſuch a ſtriking ſemblance of manner, ſuch a happy coincidence of inconſiſtency, ſuch a conſcientious indiſpoſition to probability, ſuch a rare infelicity of conjecture, ſuch a choice ſelection of vulgariſms, ſuch an admirable impetuoſity of reſentment, and ſo amiable an averſion from impartiality, urbanity, candour, and courteſy, exhibited both in his Letter and in the curious *Critique* inſerted in the Monthly Review, that if the ſame writer is not the author of both, yet in capacity, argument and addreſs, theſe gentlemen (once more to repeat a ſterling expreſſion from the firſt of them) "are more nearly *a-kin*, "than people *may think of*."

want

want of natural affection, ſuppoſing both theſe charges completely ſubſtantiated, will not form even the ſhadow of an apology for the remiſſneſs, the ingratitude, and the perfidy of thoſe who, *profeſſing* themſelves *Churchmen*, diſgrace the honour, and betray the intereſts of the *Church*.

And now, after having fully diſcuſſed this ſubject, fairly met every material objection, and freely made every conceſſion that can be candidly demanded, with the good leave of *Meſſieurs* the Monthly *Cynicks*,* and their *ingenious Correſpondent*, I ſhall recur to

* The approbation of theſe minute Critics the author of the Vindication neither expects, nor deſires, nor regards. Let them rail and revile at pleaſure. It is the barking of the cur without its bite. It is the reptile's ſwell without its ſting. It is the hiſſing of the viper without its venom. He is happy in their enmity. He is obliged by the diſtinction they have done him. He exults that he has been recommended by their cenſure; and rejoices that they have thought *him* worthy of that ſtupid effuſion of mere malice which they ſo frequently, ſo pompouſly, and ſo profuſely pour on

to my former declaration. What I firſt advanced, I regarded as a ſacrifice to duty. What I now publiſh, I conſider as a debt due to my own injured reputation. I have confidence that I ſhall have no cauſe to repent of either attempt. Temporal conſequences I hold in cheap eſtimation. "Non "ambio dignitates, non venor queſtum." No falſe hopes allure, no ſordid expectations influence, and no fictitious terrors ſhall alarm me. The approbation of the bad I court not:—their enmities I deſpiſe:—and defy their hoſtilities.—And ſhould I have given umbrage to any good man of any *rank*, or of any *party*, as it has been without intention, ſo is it, therefore, without guilt.

on names of the firſt note, on characters of the higheſt eminence, and authors of the moſt extenſive reputation. He has only one requeſt to make them, "et fas eſt etiam ab hoſte doceri." It is that they would for their own ſake, reſpect their own *engagements*, and make it a part of that "duty" which they profeſs to "owe to the public," to reject, as well as "to prevent, the diſſemination of error, "and abſurdity, under the ſanction of whatever "diſtinguiſhed and reſpected names it may come "recommended."

But

But if this ſhould be the caſe, and I ſhould be thus unfortunate, I muſt, again, "draw con-"ſolation from the reflection that in this affair "I poſſeſs a conſcience altogether void of" criminal "offence towards God and towards "man. I have performed what I regarded as "an incumbent obligation. What I have "written, I have written." And thus, with all becoming firmneſs, ſaid the *Roman* Governor, after HE HAD WRITTEN THE TRUTH.

NOTHING farther remains but to take a ſummary view of the ſtate and proceſs of the preſent *Controverſy*.

FROM a number of *facts*, ſome of which are only *generalized*, and others of which are particularly ſtated in the Obſervations, it was very evident that in the ſelection of the clergy, miſtake and miſconduct muſt have exiſted ſomewhere. It is too manifeſt to admit a doubt, that men adapted, both by nature and education, for very different deſtinations, have, by ſome means or other, found acceſs into the Church. Theſe facts objected to the *general* view, were the ſub-

jects

jects of *general* converſation and of *general* cenſure: and ſo far was the ſpirit of diſſatisfaction and objection from being confined to *one*, that it pervaded *every* rank, and found its way into almoſt *every* family. Much blame was imputed to the leaders of the Church. Their enemies were outrageous, their friends diſpirited. The ſuperſtitious were overwhelmed with gloom, whilſt the ſenſible Churchman took much and merited offence. It gave me unutterable concern, it grieved me to the heart to hear the Prelacy reproached, and the inferior orders of the church affected by reflections which had the *appearance* of being only too well founded, and to which no ſatisfactory refutation could be decently oppoſed. I have from inſtitution, from examination, and, I truſt, from conviction, a ſteady, perhaps a pertinacious, addiction to the principles and doctrines of the *eſtabliſhed* Religion. It is a never-failing indication of affection, to reſent the injuries offered, or the abuſes introduced, into any ſyſtem to which you are attached, or into any ſociety to which you feel yourſelf devoted. Under this impulſe, and no other, I ventured to ſtate the caſe, to repreſent

ſent the grievances which obtained, the murmurs which were expreſſed, and the facts from which they originated. Upon this occaſion, I thought not alone. My obſervations were neither *ſingular* nor ſelfiſh. I wrote in the cauſe of the *National* Worſhip, and in the name of the People of *England* in general. Nothing was exhibited to the public, with which it was not before well acquainted. I only repeated the ſubſtance of what formed the converſation of almoſt *every circle:* and, whether I am to be believed or not, I ſpoke the language, repreſented the diſpoſition, and retailed the ſentiments of thouſands.

Has the *exiſtence* of the facts on which theſe opinions were grounded, been called in queſtion? They are too ſtubborn, too public, and too numerous, too much under the eyes and in the ears of all men, to be debated or denied. Is the *Imprudence* of them diſputed with any ſhew *of Reaſon?* The diſpute would have been abſurd. Are the *Arguments* by which their glaring impropriety is demonſtrated even *attempted* to be *invalidated?* Nothing of all this. What then did

did this emergency require? Some oppoſition was at any rate to be made to ſo free and open a writer. And this oppoſition is, indeed, of the moſt extraordinary nature. *One admitted* fact is ſelected from a number, and motives aſſigned to it which never *could* exiſt, or, if they did exiſt, are by no means equal to its vindication. But then, what was wanting *in argument*, might well be ſupplied *by abuſe:* and this was to be the *dernier reſort*. A black deluge of this, is, therefore, without moderation and without mercy, poured out, at once for ever to ſilence and to overwhelm this daring Remonſtrator. Miſer, Malevolent, Hypocrite, Enemy, are *tender Vituperatives*. With unexampled audacity, he is charged with deſigns, at the idea of which human nature ſhudders, and the bare mention of which makes "both the ears "of every man who hears it to tingle." He is accuſed of a ſcheme much leſs *innocent* than that which *Ahab* had laid to appropriate to himſelf the vineyard of *Naboth the Jezreelite*, and of a crime little inferior to that of thoſe miſcreant huſbandmen, who ſlew the ſon of their lord, that "the in-"heritance might be theirs."

But

But this is not all. It was not ſufficient that he himſelf ſhould be held out to the public, as a dark and deſigning villain, but the unhappy partners of his blood muſt ſhare the ſame ignominious execution likewiſe. His ſuppoſed *family*, his ſuppoſed *friends*, his ſuppoſed FATHER, the honour of the living, and (as they conjectured) the *ſacred* memory of the dead, are, with unprecedented barbarity, violated, inſulted and torn in pieces. In ſhort, had the author of the Obſervations headed a *faction* at home, or patronized a *rebellion* abroad,—had he inſulted the *Government*, or reviled the *Religion*, of his country, —had he queſtioned the authority of her *laws*, or detracted from the excellency of her *conſtitution*, he had met with milder treatment;—leſs ſcandal had been given, and leſs umbrage taken. He might have encouraged *hereſy*, or excited to *ſedition*;—he might have pleaded for *anarchy*, or argued for *atheiſm*;—he might have "blaſphemed God and the King" with impunity.

Yet after theſe horrid charges, as falſe as they are outrageous, theſe *pious* criminators have, one of them, the *conſcience* to rave upon

upon charity, and the other, the *confidence* to term the Obſervations a libel.

Now, if to be anxious for the beſt intereſts, and zealous for the moſt ſacred honours, of the *Church*;—if to have written in the cauſe, and for the credit, of the *Clergy*, its miniſters;—if to have expreſſed my ſincereſt wiſhes for the welfare and popularity, and my profoundeſt veneration for *the great talents* and *reſpectable general conduct and character* of the *Prelacy*, its leaders;—if *this* be to offend, I muſt confeſs that I *have* offended. Nay farther, if, in proof of the ſincerity of my friendſhip, to have pointed out what I conſidered as a defect in eccleſiaſtical diſcipline, if *this* be guilt, I am guilty of *this* alſo. *Si id peccare eſt, fateor id quoque.*

If you, Sir, or any other writer, can ſucceed *better* by a *contrary* conduct;—if you can promote either the glory of God, the good of mankind, or the proſperity of the Eſtabliſhment, by pleading the cauſe of *vulgarity*, *imbecility*, and *ignorance*, I can only affirm, that I ſhall rejoice in the event, and can ſincerely

ſincerely ſay, "God proſper you. I wiſh you "good luck in the name of the Lord."

And here I ſhall take my *preſent* leave of this ſubject. And though it is not my purpoſe to decline *a fair* controverſy upon *fair*, that is, *argumentative* principles, yet I ſhall not be amuſed by *cavils*. I ſhall not pay attention to *calumnies*. I ſhall not be intimidated by the frowns of great men, nor overawed by the authority of great names.—And much leſs ſhall I think myſelf obliged to notice any farther miſrepreſentations which may come conveyed through the queſtionable vehicle of the periodical publication, to which I have here alluded.

And now, Sir, if there be any thing in this Vindication ſevere, ſarcaſtic, or apparently indignant; any thing in the matter deſultory, or in the manner inſulting; any thing unhandſome in me to dictate, offenſive to you in the application, or ſickening to any other individual in the peruſal, you muſt take both the blame and the ſhame to yourſelf. Recollect the language which you have held out, and the charges which you have brought forward.

I ſhould have treated you with *more civility*, had you addreſſed me with *leſs malevolence*. For my own ſake, I ſhould have had reſpect to a *candid* antagoniſt, and ſhould have written with more lenity, for the ſake of that ſubject which you have rendered, by your abſurdities, ridiculous, by your ribaldry, odious, and by your vulgarity, diſguſting.

DELAYS unforeſeen, and difficulties unavoidable, ſufficiently mortifying indeed to the Author, but altogether unintereſting to the public, have retarded the publication of this Letter. But if, Sir, you think the cauſe *worth* a rehearing, and that it will *bear* the coſt, the time and trouble of another trial, I pledge myſelf hereafter to be more expeditious, and that if you have any other argument which merits a diſcuſſion, or any other objection which, in reaſon, demands a refutation, you ſhall find no man who *will reply* with more *readineſs*, or *meet* you with more *alacrity*, than the Author of the Obſervations.

THE END.